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BLUE
BOLT

BLUE BOLT

JULY

JULY
VOL. 9
NO. 2

10¢





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

BLUE BOLT FLASHES

THE EDITORS WRITE:

Dear Readers:

Did you ever sit down and wonder why you like something? It's fun to try. Some of you must because you write telling us why you like certain characters and their adventures. One constant request you make in your letters is . . . don't have super-human characters; we like BLUE BOLT because the stories are realistic . . . That set us to wondering ourselves — why don't you like such highly imaginative characters and their actions? We thought and pondered and finally came to a conclusion. Perhaps it's because we all like to read about people with outstanding abilities. But, we like to feel that if we exerted ourselves, maybe we could do such things, too. If you practiced hard, couldn't you play baseball as well as Dick Cole? If you were observant and a careful thinker, couldn't you make gadgets like Edison Bell? Sure, you could. We enjoy reading about people we can try to be like. They inspire us to use our abilities, not just sit back and be lazy and watch everyone else work and have fun. What do you think?

Cordially yours,
THE EDITORS

THE READERS WRITE:

Dear Editors:

I'm a BLUE BOLT reader, and I think it is swell. Especially "Dick Cole." But why don't you have a basketball game between Farr Military Academy and another school? I liked all other games in which Cole has starred but I would very much like a basketball game. Anyhow, your magazine is tops. All the stories suit me, even if there isn't a basketball game.

"Edison Bell" is tops and all their plans are super. I have just finished looking over my old BLUE BOLT comics and was reading some of the letters. In the December issue, Volume 8 Number 7, Bill Dichtl said that BLUE BOLT would be much better if it had a costumed character. I don't think so, I think it runs better than the silly adventures of Superman, Captain Marvel, etc. Keep up the good work.

A faithful reader,
Royce Britt
E. Laurinburg, N.C.

I imagine you've already read "Dick Cole's" adventures on the basketball court in our April BLUE BOLT. Hope you liked it.

Dear Editors:

I have just read the ninth issue of BLUE BOLT comics and thank it's great except for "Sergeant Spook" which I think is fantastic. No one believes in ghosts. My favorite story is "Dick Cole" and my second choice is "Blue Bolt." By the way, is Dick Cole supposed to be in high school or college? And why doesn't he ever graduate?

A faithful fan,
Donald Maguire
Brooklyn 15, N. Y.

Dick goes to a military prep school, Donald. Do you really want to see him leave Farr?

Dear Sirs:

I cannot understand how some persons who have read BLUE BOLT comics can dislike them while they're tops for me. I really think they're wonderful and I always make sure that I get a copy.

My favorites are "Dick Cole" which I think is perfect, and "Edison Bell" is very interesting, too. "Sergeant Spook" and "Rick Richards" are good. "Blue Bolt" isn't too bad. "Krisco and Jasper" are sometimes really too silly for words. I always get a good laugh (and I mean a good one) out of "Blue Bolt and Nuts."

Oh! Yes, the "Q's and A's" are wonderful, too; they really aren't silly. When you are at parties or school meetings they make good guessing games.

Well, I think I've given my whole opinion of this interesting magazine and three cheers besides. Keep up this good work and I will always enjoy your good interesting book.

A faithful reader,
Shirley Welby
Quibell, Ont.

Using the Q's and A's for a guessing game at parties sounds like lots of fun. Do you think they're hard enough, Shirley?

Dear Editors:

I have read many comic books and have found that BLUE BOLT is the best. My favorites are (1) "Dick Cole" because it is a full-length story and is drawn properly. (2) "Edison Bell" because he, too, is drawn well and more

my age. His inventions are also tops. (3) "Blue Bolt" is my third favorite because I am interested in photography. The rest of the stories are also very good.

I like your new arrangement of the "Q's and A's" and you need a few more "Blue Bolt and Nuts." The coloring of the magazine is perfect. All I can say is keep up the good work and keep out the "super stuff."

An ardent reader,
Teddy Pyle
Poplar Bluff, Mo.

O.K., Teddy, we'll stay out of the "super stuff!"

Dear Editors:

My whole family thanks you for bringing such a swell book into publication.

My smaller sister said that the print in the BLUE BOLT comics was the easiest that she ever had read. I agree with her fully. My family agrees that the covers are terrific.

Our favorites are, "Dick Cole," "Blue Bolt," "Fearless Fellers," "Rick Richards," "Edison Bell" and "Sergeant Spook." I have named them all and I agree that they are the best stories I have ever read. Your magazine is tops.

A faithful reader,
Joan Lambrop
East Boston, Mass.

We try to make our books as readable as possible. We're glad you like the large printing.

Buy U. S.
Savings Bonds

ADDRESS YOUR MAIL TO BLUE BOLT COMICS, 119 W. 19th ST., NEW YORK 11, N. Y.

\$1.00 will be sent to the writer of each letter published on this page.

DICK COLE



IN A CRUMBLING OLD BELL-TOWER, DICK COLE OF FARR MILITARY ACADEMY, RISKS HIS LIFE TO SAVE ONE OF HIS WORST ENEMIES!



Robert D. Wheeler, Editor and General Manager; Jane Spaulding Nye, Managing Editor; Katherine Urban, Story Editor; Mel Cummin, Art Advisor

BLUE BOLT, Vol. 9, No. 2, July, 1948, published monthly by The Premium Group of Comics, a Division of The Premium Service Co. Inc., P. O. Box 1198, Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pa. Editorial offices, 119 West 19th Street, New York 11, N. Y. Printed in U. S. A., copyright 1948 by The Premium Service Co. Inc. Price 10 cents per copy. Subscription price \$2.00 per year in U. S. A. Entered as Second-Class matter, March 20, 1940, at the Post Office at Philadelphia, Pa., under the Act of March 3, 1879. All characters and incidents described or depicted in stories (except those based on history or fact) are fictitious. Any resemblance to living persons is a coincidence.

WE'RE IN FOR A CLOSE MEET, BARK. I HEAR HARRY BUCKLEY OF BUCKLEY IS QUITE A STAR.

LOOK! A BIG BUNCH HAS TURNED OUT TO GREET US, DICK!

HI, BUCKLEY!

HI, YOURSELF, FARR! HA-HA!

SPLUT!



URGED ON BY LES KIRBY, THE BUCKLEY CADETS GREET THE AMAZED FARR TEAM WITH A BARRAGE OF OVERRIPE GROceries.

LET 'EM HAVE IT, GANG! SHOW 'EM WHAT WE THINK ABOUT THE MERGER OF BUCKLEY AND FARR! KEEP FARR OUT OF HERE!

HEY! WHAT THE...? ARE YOU GUYS CRAZY?



C'MON, GANG! IF THESE COOKIES WANT A BATTLE, LET'S GIVE IT TO 'EM!

WE'RE WITH YOU, BARK!

THE GROUND IS UTTERED WITH RAMPHLETS. DICK PICKS ONE UP.

GO ON HOME, FARR... AND STAY THERE!

HOLD ON, CHUM! WHAT ARE THESE RAMPHLETS?



DICK READS THE PAMPHLET.

PREVENT THE FARR-BUCKLEY MERGER! DO YOU KNOW!

1. That Major Farr is a crook?
2. That Dick Cole is such a phony that he pays sports writers for publicity? Despite his reputation he is a poor athlete?
3. That Cole's father is a traitor?

WE WANT NOTHING TO DO WITH FARR MILITARY ACADEMY!

**WON!
WHAT A RACK
OF LIES!**

**WHO'S RESPONSIBLE
FOR THIS SMEAR?
SPEAK UP!**

**AW, LEGGO AND
GO BACK WHERE
YOU CAME FROM!**

POW!

**COLONEL
CLELAND, HEAD OF BUCKLEY,
APPROACHES.**

**STOP! THIS IS
OUTRAGEOUS!
ALL BUCKLEY
CADETS...
'TEN-SHUN.'**

**SUCH CONDUCT IS INEXCUSABLE!
NEXT FALL THE MEN YOU'VE
ATTACKED WILL BE YOUR
SCHOOLMATES! ANY MORE OF
THIS AND YOU'LL ALL BE CONFINED
TO QUARTERS THE REST OF THE
YEAR!**

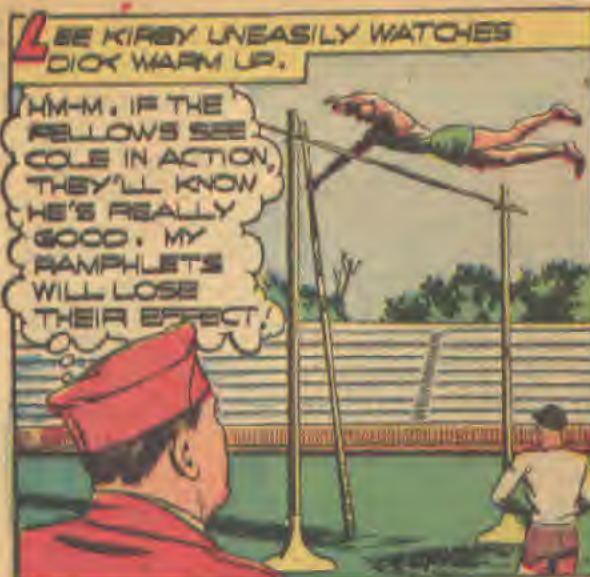
**ANGERED BY THE SCURRILOUS
ATTACK, FARR'S TRACK TEAM
DETERMINES TO WALLOP THE BUCKLEY
TEAM.**

**OKAY, DICK, YOU'RE
UP FOR THE FIRST
TRIAL
EVENT.**

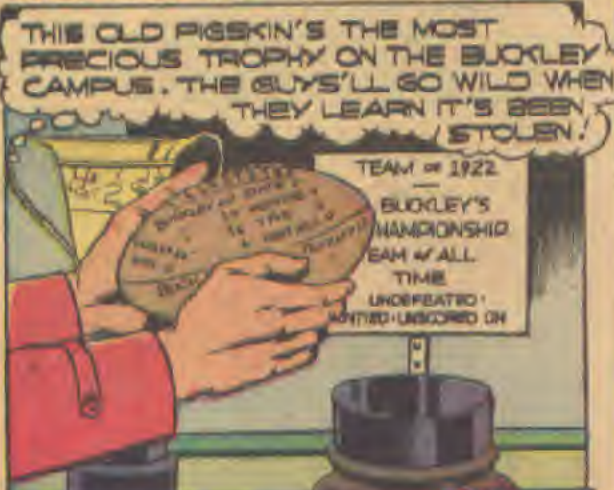
**I'D LIKE
TO KNOW WHO'S
BEHIND THOSE LIES...
AND WHY.**

**NOT BAD FOR A WARM-UP JUMP, DICK!
OVER 22 FEET! BUCKLEY WILL
SOON SEE THAT YOU'RE NOT
OVERRATED!**

**LET'S
GO,
BOYS!**



MOMENTS LATER, KIRBY SNEAKS INTO BUCKLEY'S TROPHY ROOM.



HARRY BUCKLEY FINDS THE FOOTBALL IN DICK'S LOCKER.

DOGGONE THAT COLE! HE IS A RAT!

GOSH, BUCKLEY, YOUR PAPERATHERS FOUNDED THIS PLACE. IT'S UP TO YOU TO DO SOMETHING ABOUT THIS INSULT.

LOOK HERE, COLE, WE'RE ON TO YOUR DIRTY TRICKS! WE DON'T LIKE 'EM! GET OFF THE FIELD...QUICK!

HUH? WHAT... I..UH...

COACH BRADLY, I..ER...UREE THAT YOU REMOVE COLE FROM THE MEET. SUCH A THEFT IS INEXCUSABLE!

I CAN'T BELIEVE THIS OF DICK COLE. BUT...VERY WELL, SIR.

SORRY, DICK. PERSONALLY, I'M SURE YOU'RE GUILTYLESS... BUT I THINK IT BEST YOU DROP OUT OF THE MEET!

VERY WELL, COACH.

DEPRIVED OF DICK'S AID, THE FARR SQUAD STRIVES VALIANTLY FOR VICTORY. SIMBA KAPNO TAKES FIRST IN THE SHOT PUT.

BARK HALL WINS THE MILE RUN.

ATTABOY, BARK! GREAT GOING!

THE HIGH AND LOW HURDLES, THE 100-YARD DASH, QUARTER-MILE, JAVELIN THROW, DISCUS THROW, 880-YARD RUN, HAMMER, AND TUG-OF-WAR EVENTS ARE RUN OFF. THEN SUP'RY PUTS FARR AHEAD BY TAKING THE HIGH JUMP!



BUT...HARRY BUCKLEY TIES UP THE SCORE BY WINNING THE POLE VAULT. AND THEN CLINCHES THE MEET FOR BUCKLEY BY TAKING THE BROAD JUMP...BOTH EVENTS IN WHICH DICK EXCELLED!



HARRY AND LEE RACE TO THE DILAPIDATED TOWER.







SUDDENLY, LEE KICKS VIOLENTLY AT DIK'S FACE!

NOW YOU'LL GET EVEN BY LETTING ME FALL, EH? YOU'RE WRONG! YOU'RE THE ONE WHO'S GOING TO FALL!

LEE! STOP, YOU IDIOT!

ZIP!

WITH LIGHTNING SPEED DIK PULLS HIMSELF UP HIS ROPE AND, BEFORE LEE CAN KICK AGAIN...

QUICK, HARRY, GRAB HIM BEFORE HE FALLS!

POC!

DICK AND HARRY BUCKLEY HAUL LEE UP, AND THEN LOWER HIM DOWN OUTSIDE THE TOWER.

I WANT TO APOLOGIZE, COLE! KIRBY HAD US ALL DECEIVED WITH HIS LIES. HE'S BOUND TO BE EXPELLED!

LEE KIRBY IS SAFELY LOWERED TO THE GROUND. THEN DIK AND HARRY SLIDE DOWN.

JUST SET THE BUCKLEY BOYS STRAIGHT, SO THERE'LL BE NO HARD FEELINGS NEXT FALL, WILL YOU, HARRY?

YOU BET, COLE! I'LL TELL 'EM THE WHOLE STORY!

LATER... SO YOU SEE, THE TALES ABOUT COLE AND FARR WERE ALL LIES. PERSONALLY, I'M GLAD OF THE MERGER WITH FARR!

INCIDENTALLY, COLE'S FATHER IS FAR FROM BEING A TRAITOR. THE UNITED STATES HAS SENT HIM ON A MISSION OF UTMOST IMPORTANCE!

HARRY BUCKLEY INSISTS DIK'S EVENTS BE RE-RUN. THIS TIME BOTH DIK AND FARR TRIUMPH!

CONGRATULATIONS, DIK! WE DON'T MIND LOSING TO FARR, BECAUSE WE'LL SOON BE ON YOUR SIDE!

EASY CARTOONING

by MILT HAMMER



LESSON 4

I'M HAVING A LOT OF FUN SHOWING YOU HOW TO CARTOON, AND, I HOPE YOU'RE HAVING A LOT OF FUN DOING THESE LESSONS ALONG WITH ME. IF YOU'RE A LITTLE SLOW IN CATCHING ON, DON'T BECOME DISCOURAGED JUST TAKE YOUR TIME AND YOU'LL SUCCEED... DON'T FORGET TO PRACTICE!!

LET'S TRY DRAWING SOME EXPRESSIONS...



HERE'S A GUY THAT'S REALLY SCARED-SEE HOW EASY IT IS WHEN GUIDE LINES ARE USED?



PEAR



REMEMBER THE PEAR AND ROUND-SHAPED HEADS WE DREW AWHILE BACK? THIS IS THE WAY WE MAKE THEM LAUGH!!

ROUND



WE DO THE SAME TO OUR LONG-SHAPED FACE...

LONG



HEART



THEN DO THE SAME WITH THE HEART SHAPE...



THIS IS THE WAY TO DRAW A DISCOMFORT EXPRESSION- THE WAY WE FEEL WHEN WE DON'T DO OUR HOMEWORK...



HERE'S SOMETHING IMPORTANT TO REMEMBER-WHEN YOU MAKE SOMEONE LAUGH, CLOSE THE EYES FOR A BIGGER LAUGH (SEE B)



SHOWING TEETH WILL MAKE YOUR FACE SHOW MORE ANGER.

WE'RE GOING TO HAVE ANOTHER LESSON ON EXPRESSIONS THE NEXT TIME WE MEET-BUT IN THE MEANTIME, PRACTICE DRAWING ALL THESE EXPRESSIONS...

IF YOU HAVE TROUBLE WITH THEM AT FIRST-TRY AGAIN UNTIL YOU'RE FULLY SATISFIED!!

Rollfast

Streamlined
BICYCLES

BALL-BEARING
ROLLER SKATES

They're Super!

Ask the kids
who have 'em

FREE
BICYCLE
CATALOG
SEND FOR IT

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ROLLFAST, INC.

NEW YORK 1, N. Y.



Edison Bell



COME ON, EDISON!
DAD'S GOING TO GIVE US
A LIFT OUT TO
TAYLOR'S
WOODS.

COMING! I JUST
WANT TO PUT THIS
CAMERA INTO MY
NEW WATERPROOF
CASE.



WATERPROOFING
YOUR CAMERA ON
A CRYSTAL CLEAR
DAY?

WELL, YOU
NEVER CAN TELL,
JERRY.

WHY THE
TRIP INTO
OL' TAYLOR
BOYS?

TO GET SOME
CANDID ANIMAL
PHOTOS FOR
PROFESSOR
DREW'S BIOLOGY
CLASS, SIR.



THANKS, SIR.

HAPPY HUNTING, FELLOWS.

HOW ABOUT THIS CLEARING, EDISON?

GOOD ENOUGH. SAY, THE LUMBER COMPANY CERTAINLY HAS BEEN CUTTING DOWN PLENTY OF TIMBER AROUND HERE.



YEAH, THEY'VE BEEN SENDING THE LOGS DOWN THE LITTLE NILE RIVER TO THE MILL.

SHH... THERE'S A RABBIT.



I SHOULD SAY, THERE WAS A RABBIT. I MISSED HIM.

OOPS, THAT CHUCK IS ALLERGIC TO CAMERAS TOO.



WELL, WE'RE BATTING ZERO. TWO CLICKS, TWO STRIKES.

SAY, MAYBE WE OUGHT TO CAMOUFLAGE OURSELVES.



NOW YOU'RE TALKING. I'LL TAKE THIS HOLLOW LOG.

AND I'LL TRY TO BLEND INTO THAT BUSH OVER THERE.

Q What is one of the simplest forms of animal life? Hint: rhymes with sheba.

A HALF HOUR LATER....

TWO CHIPMUNKS, A
FAWN, AND A BABY
RABBIT.
NOT BAD!



WHAT'S THAT RACKET?
OH, IT'S JUST A
BULLDOZER CLEARING
AWAY THOSE CUT
LOGS.

GOOD GRIEF!
JERRY IS IN ONE
OF THOSE CUT
LOGS.

M-MY CLOTHING'S
CAUGHT... CAN'T GET
OUT... AND THAT BULL-
DOZER'S COMING
CLOSER!



STOP!
THERE'S
SOMEONE
IN THAT
LOG!

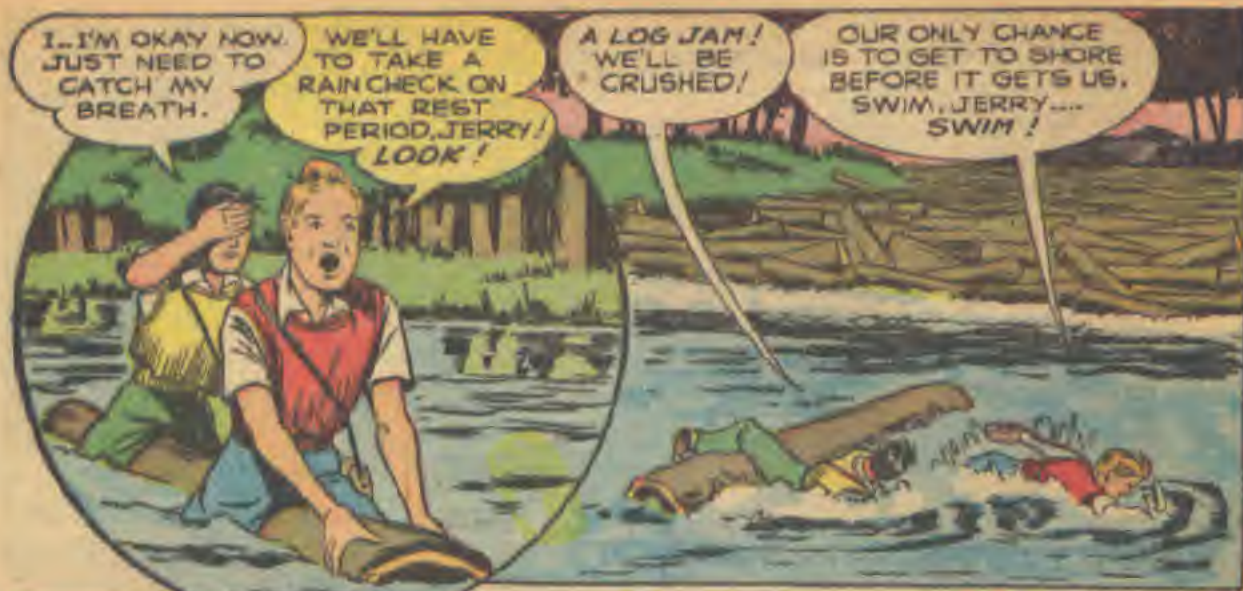
CAN'T HEAR A WORD
THAT KID'S SAYING
WITH THIS MOTOR
GOING.

H-HE DIDN'T HEAR ME. I'VE
GOT TO DO SOMETHING
BEFORE THE LOGS REACH
THE INCLINE DOWN TO
THE RIVER.





Q No. 2. In what state do the greatest number of sequoia and redwood trees grow?



THE NIMBLE 'LOGGERS' RACE TOWARD EDISON AND JERRY, USING THE TWISTING TIMBER AS STEPPING STONES....



ALL WE CAN OFFER IN THE WAY OF GRATITUDE IS A VERY WEAK "THANK YOU."



MY CAMERA IS SURE "WASHED UP," EDISON.



A u.s. In California. Some grow 300 feet high.

HOW TO MAKE A WATERPROOF *Camera Case*

- 1 GET AN OLD INNER TUBE.

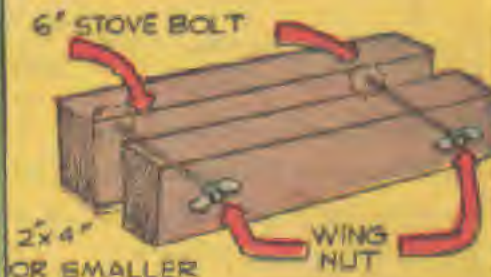


IT DOESN'T MATTER IF THERE ARE PATCHES ON IT.

- 2 CUT OFF ABOUT ONE FOOT OF THE TUBE.



- 3 MAKE A PRESS OF WOOD (TWO PIECES OF 2x4 JOISTS ABOUT TEN INCHES LONG).



- 4 SMEAR RUBBER CEMENT ON INSIDE OF TUBE ABOUT ONE INCH INWARD, AFTER FIRST FILING SURFACE SMOOTH.



- 5 PLACE IN THE PRESS YOU HAVE BUILT AND LEAVE FOR ABOUT AN HOUR.



- 6 TEST BY FILLING WITH WATER AND SQUEEZING TO DETECT ANY LEAKS.



- 7 FOLD OTHER END LIKE THIS.



- PASTE PIECE OF ELECTRICIAN'S RUBBER TAPE ON TOP OF FIRST FOLD.



- FOLD OVER ONCE MORE. FOLD TAPE IN OPPOSITE DIRECTION, AND YOU HAVE A WATERPROOF CAMERA CASE



- METHOD OF ATTACHING STRAP (MADE FROM THE REMAINDER OF THE INNER TUBE).



FREEDOM TRAINED



PEOPLE were flocking into Stroudsville to see the Freedom Train.

Art Sorg stepped atop a box on Main Street where, only a half block from the railroad station, the flow was the thickest. He shouted hotly, "You fools, go on and be fooled some more! Liberty, Freedom, bahl! Propaganda, that's what you're being fed—"

The crowd, intent upon reaching the Train, paid little attention to the soapbox agitator.

Only a big policeman stopped within hearing distance. He wished he could stop this un-American slander, but the Constitution gave everyone the right of free speech, so he stood idly by.

The policeman took a mental picture of Sorg. He was a tall, slender man with a square-set jaw and a mop of curly red hair. His clothing clearly showed lack of finances. His blue suit was spotted and needed a good pressing. Yet his perfect English, power of delivery, stamped education upon him.

Wondering why such a man would stoop to such tactics, the policeman moved on to help control the long line of people beginning to form.

Three men who had been waiting for the policeman to leave the spot walked up to Sorg.

"What have you got against the government?" one man asked. He had a slight foreign accent.

"Look at me," Sorg growled. "I spent two years in the Army, four years at college, and what do I get for it? They offer me a job that wouldn't pay a living wage. They say I have wonderful prospects for the future. Golden opportunities. Bahl!"

The three men smiled at each other. The one who had spoken to Sorg nodded his head slightly, then said softly, "I've got a golden opportunity for you. I'll pay you a thousand dollars for a few minutes' work. That's more money than you can make under the American system."

Sorg gasped for a minute, then stammered, as he stepped from

the box, "A—a thousand dollars? That sounds interesting."

"Go to your hotel room," the spokesman said. "We'll meet you there in a half hour."

"I'm staying at the—"

"Midtown Hotel," the man smiled. "We know that. We saw you at the last two places where the Freedom Train stopped, and we've been watching you. We know you'll like our plan—to wreck the Freedom Train!"

Sorg smiled and said, "You still sound interesting. I'll see you in half an hour." He picked up the box and walked away.

The Midtown was the smallest hotel in Stroudsville, and Sorg had one of the cheapest rooms. For lack of a chair, he was sitting on his box when a knock sounded at the door. Then the door swung open.

The three men entered the room, and after the door was closed, the spokesman said, "We welcome you to our cause. My name is Wilks. My friend here," he nodded toward one of the

men, "is O'Brien." He pointed to the other. "This is Hansen."

"I'm Art Sorg," Sorg said in acknowledgment. But he was thinking that none of the three seemed to fit the names given. Their real names should be much harder to pronounce in English.

Wilks was a man about fifty, short and fat. O'Brien was not more than twenty-five and resembled a thick-necked bull. Hansen was middle-aged and looked like a displaced count.

Wilks said, "Our plan is simple. We know that the Freedom Train will leave Stroudsville at eleven tonight. At eleven-seven it will reach a rail junction five miles above town. If a certain switch is turned, the Freedom Train will be sent head on into the Eastcoast Flyer which reaches the point at eleven-eight."

Sorg smiled and said, "What a tremendous blow to the government's ballyhoo that will be."

This pleased Wilks. "We will give you the honor of turning the switch, and a thousand dollars," he beamed.

Sorg got to his feet and said, "Gentlemen, I am honored. I shall meet you at the spot at about eleven tonight."

"No," Wilks said. "As a precaution, you shall be our guest until tonight. Come with us."

It was eleven o'clock when the

big sedan stopped on the side of the road paralleling the railroad tracks. A bright moon glistened on the rails as Sorg stepped out of the car.

O'Brien following Sorg said, "I show you the switch."

Sorg had seen the gun in O'Brien's shoulder holster. He knew that it was never intended he should receive a thousand dollars. Whether or not Sorg turned the switch, O'Brien meant to see to it that he wouldn't live to implicate any of the three in the plot to wreck the Freedom Train.

He slid down a bank to the half-dozen set of tracks that turned in as many directions, and O'Brien showed him the switch he was to turn as soon as the Freedom Train came in sight.

Then O'Brien snapped, "I go back to the car and watch. Don't fail us."

Sorg stood by the switch and listened. The rails began to sing, and he heard the train in the distance.

First he saw only a speck down the rails. But swiftly the speck grew and began to take form.

The Freedom Train was almost upon him when, without touching the switch, he dove flat on his stomach at the bottom of the bank.

Bullets splattered around him as the train sped past. Then, sud-

denly, a powerful searchlight focused on the big sedan.

A voice shouted, "You three come out of that car with your hands high, or we'll turn our guns on you!"

When Sorg reached the road, Wilks, O'Brien, and Hansen were reaching for the stars, and serious-faced men were covering them with guns.

"He tried to wreck the Freedom Train," Wilks shouted.

Sorg grinned and said, "Save your breath. I'm Sorg of the F.B.I., and I'm freedom-trained to guard the Freedom Train. We've known of your plot for some time, and I acted as an agitator because we knew you'd be looking for someone to do your dirty work."

Suddenly Wilks smiled. "You know," he said, "one thing I like about the United States is that a man can't be convicted without evidence, and you have no evidence against us."

"Oh, no," Sorg smiled back. "Remember the box I stood on when you first talked to me; the one I sat on in my room? Well, there was a dictaphone in that box. We have a record of your whole plot."

The smile faded from Wilks' face, and Sorg said quietly, "Take them away, boys."

THE END.

Sergeant Spook

WHEN SERGEANT SPOOK AND JERRY, AIDED BY THE GHOST OF A CAVEMAN, UNCOVER SOME PREHISTORIC REMAINS, THEY SOON FIND THEY ARE DIGGING UP NOTHING BUT TROUBLE!



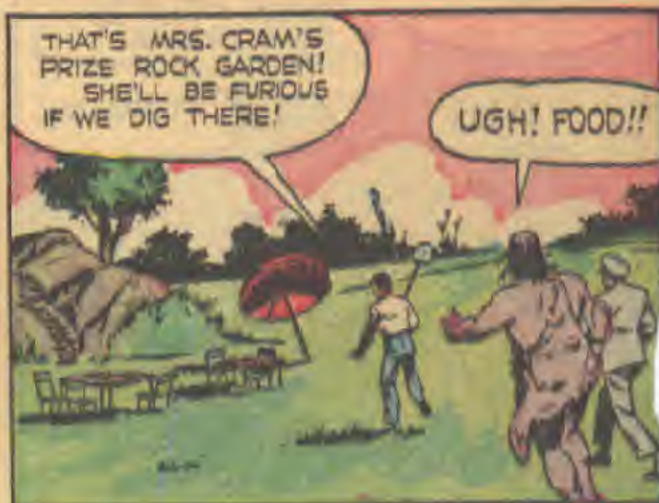
WHAT'S GEORGE TAYLOR, THE YOUNG ARCHAEOLOGIST, SO GLUM ABOUT?

HE CAN'T GET A JOB IN DELL UNIVERSITY! PRESIDENT CRAM WON'T HIRE HIM!













Q No. 3. What word on this page could be used to describe Puck, or Robin Goodfellow?



A THE Imp. Puck, or Robin Goodfellow, was a mischievous, merry, little elf.

DOESN'T THE NOISE
OF THAT DRUM
ANNOY YOUR POP?

NAW- I ONLY BEAT
IT WHEN HE'S
SLEEPING !!!

BANG

3 in 1 AIR PISTOL

[illegible]

DIDN'T I TELL
YOU NOT TO
PLAY WITH
MARVIN?

WHO WAS
PLAYING??

I HARDLY KNOW WHAT
TO DO WITH MY WEEK
END!!!

WHY DON'T YOU
PUT A HAT ON
IT??

POOR

GWAN-HOW CAN YOUR POD
BE A SURGEON IN A
FURNITURE SHOP??

VERY EASILY, BUB-HE
FIXES THE BROKEN LEGS
ON THE
TABLES!!

NOT DAMAGED

BLUE BOLT

THE AMERICAN

WHALING IN ANTARCTICA IS HAZARDOUS ANYHOW, BUT ESPECIALLY SO WHEN BLUE BOLT, ADVENTUROUS PILOT FOR GLIMPSES MAGAZINE, AND HIS SIDEKICK, PHOTOGRAPHER SNAP DOODLE, ARE ATTACKED BY BOTH MAN AND BEAST.

AN! THESE ACTION SHOTS WILL MAKE A SWELL PICTURE STORY FOR GLIMPSES, BOLT!

WHAT'S THAT PLANE FLYING SO LOW FOR? WE CAN'T STAND ANY SNOOPIN'!

GLIMPSES PLANE TO NAR-
WHAL. JUST PHOTOGRAPHED
YOU IN ACTION FOR OUR
MAGAZINE. THANKS!



CAPTAIN HIDE: THAT
PLANE HAS PICTURES
OF US TAKING A
HUMBACK WHALE!



GREAT SCOTT! IT'S
AGAINST THE
LAW TO TAKE
HUMBACKS IN
THESE WATERS!



IF THOSE PICTURES GET
ABOARD, I'LL LOSE MY COMMAND.
MAYBE GO TO PRISON!



WHY NOT
SHOOT THE
PLANE DOWN,
CAPT?

THAT'D BE TOO
RISKY! WE'VE GOT
TO SINK THOSE
CAMERA GUYS
'ACCIDENTALLY'!



INVITE 'EM DOWN
TO GET SOME
CLOSE-UP PICTURES!

INVITE 'EM?
I DON'T
GET IT!



YOU WOULDN'T, BUT
WAIT AND SEE HOW
A CLEVER MAN CAN
MAKE A WHALE DO
HIS DIRTY WORK!



Q ... What part did Nelson Eddy play in Walt Disney's "Make Mine Music"?

UNAWARE OF DANGER, BLUE BOLT LANDS
AND STEPS INTO A TRAP.

HEAD THAT WAY, MATES!
WE'LL TRY TO SCARE UP
A WHALE FOR YOU!

THANKS, A MILLION,
CAPTAIN HICKS. SNAP
OUGHT TO GET SOME
GREAT PICTURES!

WATCH CLOSE, BURLY.
THERE'S A WHALE
CRUISING JUST BE-
YOND THEM...AND
WHEN WOUNDED A
WHALE IS MIGHTY
DANGEROUS!

I CATCH NOW!
YOU HARPOON
THE WHALE
...AND THE
WHALE CRUSHES
'EM LIKE A
COUPLE O' EGGS!

SUDDENLY THE GREAT ANIMAL
BREAKS WATER!

YEOW! THAR
SHS BLOWS!

THE NARWHAL
IS HARPOONING
IT, SNAP!

GOOD
HIT!

LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!
IF WILLIE WHALE WHACKS
US, WE'LL GO DOWN FOR
THE COUNT!

WHACK

THAT DID
IT! WE'RE
SINKING.

WE CAN'T
REACH THE
NARWHAL!
HEAD FOR
THAT
BERG!



Q No 10. Does the tail of a whale lie horizontally or vertically in the water?

KA-CHOO!!



STRIKE!
SET 'EM UP
IN THE NEXT
ALLEY!

UGH!



**THROWN OFF BALANCE, SNAP SKIDE
DOWN THE ICE!**

OOPS!
HERE'S WHERE
I MAKE LIKE A
BOWLING
BALL!



FUNNY GUY, EH?
LAUGH THIS OFF!

**WAIT FOR ME,
PAL! I'LL BE
RIGHT DOWN!**



**YOU CAN'T BEAT
AN ICE SLED FOR
FAST ECONOMICAL
TRANSPORTATION!**

**YOU CAN'T BEAT
A HARBOON
FOR FAST
KILL'N'.**



**THEY'LL
GO RIGHT
THROUGH
YA!**

NOT THIS TRIP, PAL!



A No. 10. It lies horizontally, thus differing from the tail of a fish.



A MOMENT LATER...



LATER, AFTER SNAP DEVELOPS HIS PICTURES...













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WHAT DO YOU MEAN, YOUR BROTHER'S A CHAMBERMAID IN A PRINTING SHOP??

HE CHANGES THE SHEETS, DOPEY!!

HA!
HA!



GWAN-WHERE DID YOU EVER SEE A HORSE WITH A WOODEN LEG??

ON A MERRY-GO-ROUND, OF COURSE!!!



I WONDER WHAT POLYGON MEANS?

MAYBE IT MEANS A PARROT THAT'S DIED!!



Rick Richards

IT'S ONLY AN OLD-FASHIONED SHORT-
HAUL RAILROAD IN THE SILVER COUNTRY OF
THE ROCKIES--A TINY PART OF THE VAST
RICHARDS FORTUNE-- BUT RICK BATTLES
WITH ALL HIS POWER AND WITS TO SAVE
IT FROM A RUTHLESS GANG OF BANDITS!



RICK DRIVES
ALONG BESIDE THE
CURLY CREEK
RAILROAD.

THE CURLY CREEK USED TO
TURN A NICE PROFIT, HAULING
SILVER ORE DOWN TO THE
TOWN MILLS.



BLUE BOLT

THEN SUDDENLY A RASH OF ACCIDENTS BREAK OUT, THE LINE CAN'T MEET ITS SCHEDULE, AND DIVES INTO RED INK!



MUST BE TERMITES IN THE CURLY CREEK WOODPILE--AND BY GOLLY! THERE'S A PAIR OF 'EM NOW!



THIS OUGHTA DERAIL HER, SPUD... MAKE A NICE WRECK!



THERE IS GOING TO BE A WRECK, CHUMS--AND YOU'RE IT!



IN FACT, SOMETIMES I'M KNOWN AS "WRECK" RICHARDS!



PLEASD TO BEATCHA, RICHARDS!

BACK AND HIS BURLY BOE ROLL OVER AND OVER THE TRACKS, UNTIL--

LISTEN TO THE TRACKS HUM! THE ORE TRAIN IS HEADING FOR US! TIME WE BROKE UP THIS PARTY!

SLEEP TIGHT, SONNY!



Q No. 14. There is another name for the white ant on this page. What is it?



ONE MORE BLOW AND THE
DURLY CREEK FOLDS, WE
GET THEIR
CONTRACT!

HMM--THIS
SOUNDS
INTERESTING!

TIPTON
TRUCKING CO.
C. TIPTON
PRES.

OUR MEN ARE REMOVING THE
TIMBERS FROM DEER CANYON
RAILROAD BRIDGE. THE NEXT
ORE TRAIN WILL FALL A
THOUSAND
FEET
INTO THE
CANYON!

SMART MOVE,
TIPTON!

RICK STARTS TO
LEAVE, BUT--

HEY! THE BOY SAYS
YOU WANT A JOB. WE'LL
BE NEEDING A LOT
OF NEW MEN SOON!

COME TO THE
YARD. WE'LL
SEE IF
YOU CAN HANDLE
OUR BABIES!

NO RUNS ARE
SCHEDULED
TILL THIS AFTER-
NOON. I'LL
HAVE PLENTY OF
TIME TO WARN
MY MEN!

SOON--

NICE GOING. YOU
GOT WHAT IT TAKES!

HEY,
BOSS!

HOW COME RICK
RICHARDS IS DRIVING
YOUR TRUCK?

WHAT!? YOU
MEAN THAT'S
RICK RICHARDS?

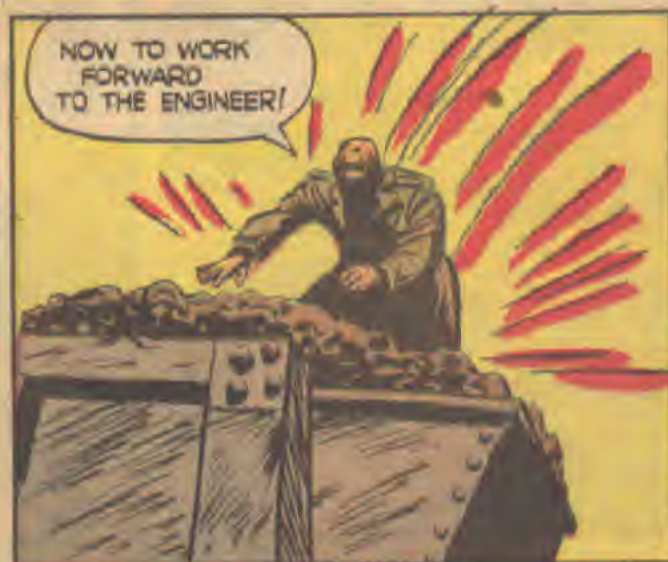
GRAB HIM!
HE'S A SPY!



RICK SPEEDS THE HUGE VEHICLE DOWN THE PERILOUS MOUNTAIN ROAD!



NOW TO WORK FORWARD TO THE ENGINEER!



A MINUTE LATER...
STOP!

TELL IT TO THE ENGINEER!
IF YOU DON'T,
THEN I WILL!

RICK COMPLETES THE RISKY MANEUVER.



STOP 'ER, CASEY!
DEER CANYON BRIDGE
IS OUT!

GLORY BE!



THANKS FOR
THE WARNING, MR.
RICHARDS. YOU
SAVED MY LIFE!

THAT'S WHAT
YOU THINK!

Q No. 16. Did the mighty Casey make a homer in the poem "Casey At The Bat"?





U.S. ROYAL

WITH HIS
JET-PROPELLED BIKE



FOILING THE LUNATIC'S REVENGE



DEPUTY U.S. ROYAL AND THE BOYS OF THE ELBY CITY BIKE CLUB PICK UP A POLICE RADIO FLASH...

...DANGEROUS LUNATIC ESCAPED FROM STATE ASYLUM... SEEKING REVENGE ON DOCTOR WHO HAD HIM COMMITTED...

STATE ASYLUM?! WHY, THAT'S JUST A MILE OR SO AWAY!



CRAZY, AM I? HEH-HEH... AFTER I GET MY HANDS ON THIS HORSE-AND-WAGON, I'LL SHOW THE GOOD DOCTOR HOW CRAZY I AM!



THE INSANE MAN LEAPS ONTO THE BACK OF THE PASSING WAGON, AND...

NICE OF YOU TO "LEND" ME YOUR CHARIOT! HEH-HEH...



THERE'S OUR MADMAN, BOYS! BIKE OVER TO THE ASYLUM FOR HELP... I'M TAKING OFF AFTER HIM!



U.S. ROYAL CATCHES UP WITH THE MURDER-BENT MANIAC, AND RACING NECK-TO-NECK WITH THE FRIGHTENED HORSE...

SORRY TO SPOIL YOUR BUGGY-RIDE, MY BUGGY FRIEND!



LATER, AT THE ASYLUM...

NO TELLING WHAT THAT FELLOW MIGHT HAVE DONE IF YOU BOYS HADN'T STOPPED HIM...

GLAD WE WERE AROUND, DOCTOR... AND LUCKY WE WERE RIDIN' ON U.S. ROYALS!



WHEN THE SITUATION CALLS FOR FAST BIKING, YOU CAN REALLY SPEED WITH SAFETY WHEN YOU'RE RIDING ON U.S. ROYAL BIKE TIRES--WITH THEIR BUILT-IN SKID CHAIN.



"THAT BUILT-IN SKID CHAIN REALLY HOLDS THE ROAD"... SAYS U.S. ROYAL



IF YOU WANT TO GET THE MOST WEAR OUT OF A TIRE, GET THE TIRE WITH THE MOST WEAR BUILT INTO IT... GET U.S. ROYAL BIKE TIRES, WITH THAT BUILT-IN SKID CHAIN

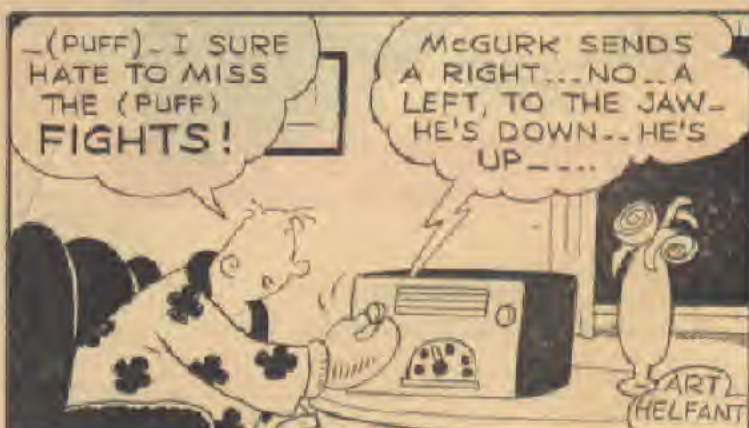
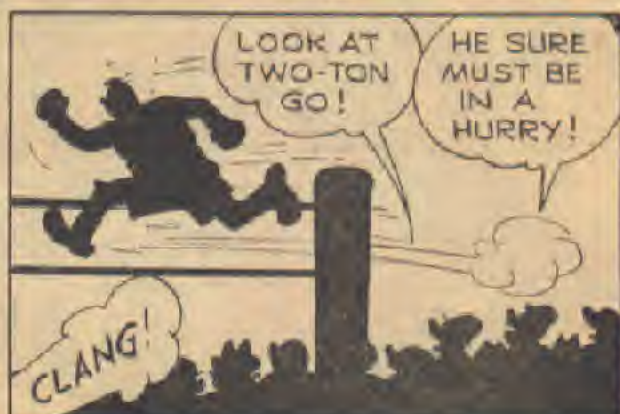
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COLOR!

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COUPON!

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BOB HOPE, BING CROSBY,
JANIS PAIGE.....ALL THE
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